DC

VERTIGO

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VERTIGO

JAM

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MISSISSIPPI BREWING

ALL THE BEER YOU CAN

rew &

FLOWERS AND HERBS

louder than noise

VERTIGO JAM

Prick up your ears, relax your limbs and let us send some sound messages up your spine. It's our very first **VERTIGO JAM** session and we've asked some of our favorite creative types to whip up a little impromptu wordmusic for you. Just take a look:

THE SANDMAN. There. Just above the threshold of audible sound. The murmur of lutes and the wailing of pipes. Still can't hear it? Listen carefully to the voice of the SANDMAN, whispering words from your wildest dreams.

HELLBLAZER. Feeling blue? Let John Constantine, modern London's slickest mage, show you how low down can get.

ANIMAL MAN. You've never heard jazz like this before. Down in Birdland, Buddy Baker runs afowl of a turkey with an attitude.

DOOM PATROL. Freak with Dorothy and the world's weirdest band of super-heroes. A group guaranteed to satisfy your soul...right down to your toes.

SWAMP THING. Escape from the world of concrete and highways to the backwaters of Louisiana, where spirits don't always come in bottles and the rhythm isn't the only thing that's infectious.

KID ETERNITY. Rock yourself a long way from sleep with Kid Eternity, the long-haired, loose-lipped adolescent from Hell.

SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN. Unexpected combinations. Surprising reverberations. Strange three-way harmonies. If you're not afraid to experiment a little, then tune in to Shade, Kathy and Lenny, as they trip a little light fantastic.

So don't get left standing in a corner. Jam with Vertigo.

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THERE'S A DREAM IN WHICH HUGE FACELESS WOMEN WITH WOLVES ASTRIDE THEM ARE CHEWING AT MY ENTRAILS AND LEGS. THEY HAVE SHARP TEETH.

ALTHOUGH THIS IS PAINFUL AND UNPLEASANT, IT IS NOT HORRIFYING.

IT BECOMES HORRIFYING WHEN I FUMBLE AT ONE OF THEM, TRYING TO GET HER TO LOOSEN HER GRIP. HER HEAD IS HUGE AND BLANK AND MY HAND GOES THROUGH THE FLESHY THIN SKULL OF IT, HAIR AND GOOP STICKING TO MY FINGERS, WHICH FLAIL IN THE EMPTINESS.

SHE HAS NO BRAIN, AND WHEN I REALIZE THIS I BEGIN TO THRASH AND SCREAM, DESPERATELY.

UHH.. UHH...
UH...

I WAKE, SWEATING AND MEWLING, IN A HOTEL ROOM ALONE. THE RED NUMBERS SAY 02:14 IN THE DARKNESS.

THERE'S A MOMENT OF FEAR IN THE RETURNING TO SLEEP. A HESITATION: THERE ARE DARKNESSES BEYOND THE CURTAIN OF WAKING, AND THE SHADOW-PLAYS CLUTCH AT MY HEART...

TOO LATE.

I'M GONE.

the Castle

SANDMAN
featuring characters created by
Neil Gaiman, Mike Dringenberg and Sam Kieth

NEIL GAIMAN
writer

KEVIN NOWLAN
artist and letterer

DANIEL VOZZO
colorist

SHELLY ROEBERG
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editor

SO YOU'RE HERE FOR THE TOUR, *eh?* YOU DON'T LOOK ***ANYTHING*** LIKE I EXPECTED YOU TO. WELL, NOT TO WORRY. ANYWHERE IN PARTICULAR YOU WISH TO BEGIN?

NO?

VERY WELL.

WELL, LET'S START IN MY AREA OF RESPONSIBILITY. I'M THE ***LIBRARIAN***, YOU KNOW.

MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE HOW ***IMPORTANT*** LIBRARIANS ARE.

I RAN ACROSS A BOOK RECENTLY WHICH SUGGESTED THAT THE PEACE AND PROSPERITY OF A CULTURE WAS ***SOLELY*** RELATED TO HOW MANY LIBRARIANS IT CONTAINED.

POSSIBLY A ***SLIGHT*** OVERSTATEMENT. BUT A CULTURE THAT DOESN'T VALUE ITS LIBRARIANS DOESN'T VALUE IDEAS AND WITHOUT IDEAS, WELL, WHERE ***ARE*** WE?

THE LIBRARY OF DREAM IS THE LARGEST LIBRARY THERE NEVER WAS. I'M SURE ALL ***YOUR*** BOOKS ARE IN HERE.

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? YOU HAVEN'T ***WRITTEN*** ANY BOOKS?

OF ***COURSE*** YOU HAVE. ***HERE'S*** ONE.

IT'S CALLED "*The Bestselling Romantic Spy Thriller I used to think about on the bus that would sell a billion copies and mean I'd never have to work again!*"

NOT EXACTLY THE ***CATCHIEST*** OF TITLES, IS IT?

LET'S GO OUTSIDE.

WE'RE **STILL** ROUNDING UP STRAY STORIES THAT VANISHED OVER THE UNFORTUNATE SIX DECADES THAT MY LORD MORPHEUS WAS... UNAVAILABLE...

THERE YA GO **AGAIN**, LOOSH. YOU CAN'T JUST COME **RIGHT** OUT AND **SAY** IT, *HUH?* NOW **ME**, I'M A STRAIGHT**FORWARD** KINDA GUY, Y'KNOW?

I MEAN **SOME** OF US AREN'T AFRAID TO CALL A SPADE A GODDAMN SHOVEL.

LEM**ME** TELL IT.

THE BOSS WAS **LOCKED** UP IN A GLASS BOX INNA GUY'S BASEMENT FOR THE BEST PART OF THIS CENTURY. NEKKID AS A JAYBIRD, ALL ALONE.

YOU SHOULDA **SEEN** THIS PLACE. SCRATCH THAT, YOU WOULDNA **WANTED** TO SEE IT. I MEAN, WE'RE TALKING A REAL **MESS**...

YOU CAN CALL ME **MERV**. ME AND MY GUYS, **WE** DO THE **REAL** WORK AROUND HERE. I MEAN, NEXT TIME **YOU** HAVE A DREAM, YOU GIVE SOME THOUGHT TO **WHO** PAINTED THE SKY.

Hmm? NO, IT'S NOT **ME**.

MOSTLY IT'S BORIS OR TINY.

Phhht.

HEY. IT'S BEEN GOOD **TALKIN'**, BUT YOU KNOW, HEY, **SOME** OF US HAVE GOT **JOBS** TO BE GETTIN' ON WITH. I MEAN **REAL** JOBS, NOT LIKE JUST WATCHIN' **LIBRARIES** OR NOTHIN'.

GET YOUR **HEAD** OUTTA THE **CLOUDS**!

NOT **YOU**, KIDDO. I WAS TALKING TO **TINY**. HE GETS HIS HEAD IN THE CLOUDS, HE'LL BE SNEEZING FOR **DAYS**.

OKAY, LOOSH. I GOT STUFF TO GET ON WITH.

LUCIEN? HAVE YOU SEEN THE FASHION THING ANYWHERE? IT'S MY AFTERNOON *OFF* TOMORROW AND SHE WAS GOING TO LEND ME A COAT...

OH. I'M ***SORRY.*** I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU HAD A GUEST.

I SHOULD *um,* PROBABLY INTRODUCE MYSELF. MY NAME'S NUALA. I'M A FAIRY.

NO, ***REALLY*** I AM.

I USED TO LOOK...

PRETTIER...

I WAS A ***PRESENT.*** OR A BRIBE. OR A WAY OF REMOVING A PROBLEM. OR...

I'M SORRY.

ANYWAY, THESE DAYS I'M DOING MOST OF THE HOUSEKEEPING IN THE THRONE ROOM. THAT'S WHAT ***I*** DO.

I POLISH THE THRONE, AND CLEAN THE STEPS, AND DUST THE STATUES, AND WIPE DOWN THE WINDOWS.

SPIC AND SPAN. THAT'S HOW I KEEP IT.

I'M VERY ***PROUD*** OF IT.

AND I'M NOT ***HOMESICK*** AT ALL.

AND I DON'T MISS FAERIE AT ***ALL.***

I REALLY DON'T.

GREAT VIEW, HUH?

NOW YOU'RE A NEW FACE. WORKING WITH LUCIEN, HUH?

OOPS. MY GOOF. I'M MATTHEW. I'M THE RAVEN. NOT A RAVEN-- THE RAVEN. THAT'S ONE OF THE WEIRD THINGS ABOUT THE DREAMING--IT'S A KIND OF ONE-RAVEN-AT-A-TIME SORT OF PLACE.

I WASN'T ALWAYS A RAVEN. BUT PEOPLE CHANGE. I GOT A CHOICE, AND JESUS, THAT'S MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE GET.

LOOK. SEE THAT MOUNTAIN? WELL, HALFWAY UP THERE'S A LITTLE CAVE AND THAT'S WHERE I HANG WHEN I'M NOT HERE, WITH MY LADY EVE.

I'M HER RAVEN.

BUT I'M THE BOSS'S RAVEN TOO--HE WAS THE GUY WHO LET ME STAY HERE. AND HE'S NOT A BAD BOSS, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.

I ASKED EVE ONCE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER RAVENS OF DREAM, OVER THE YEARS. I'M NOT THE FIRST. UH-UH. NOT BY A LONG SHOT.

DON'T THINK I EVER GOT A STRAIGHT ANSWER OUTTA HER.

NOT REALLY.

I'D HATE TO DIE AGAIN, Y'KNOW? I'D REALLY HATE THAT.

I WISH SOMEONE WOULD TELL ME.

IT-IT'S NOT **REA**LLY, A, AHH, SECRET. WHAT H-HAPPENED TO THE RAVENS. I'D **KNOW** IT IF IT WAS. AND I WUH-WOULD'NT TELL. RUH-**REALLY** I WOULDN'T.

I-UH, I-UH, I-UH, **HMMM**, SHOULD PERHAPS INTRO-**DUCE** MYSELF. INDEED. I AM ABEL.

AND UH THIS IS MY ERR FRIEND GOLDIE.

meeeep.

HE'S A **GARGOYLE**. I MM KNOW A GUHGREAT MANY SECRETS ABOUT HMM GARGOYLES.

M-MY HOUSE IS ALL MUH-MADE OF SECRETS. JUST LIKE MY, UH, HMM, BU-**BROTHER'S** HOUSE IS MADE OF MYSTERIES. HE'S MY NUH-**NEIGH**BOR.

LUH LUH-**LOVE** THY...

THEY'RE OVER THERE, BY THE GER-GER-GRAVEYARD. THE HOUSES. **SEE**, THEY LOOK **AFTER** US.

MY UH BROTHER'S NUHNAME IS CAIN. WE'RE THE VERY B-**BEST** OF FRIENDS IN THE WHOLE **WORLD**.

IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD.

OOPS.

THE PALACE STAFF IS FAIRLY LARGE, ALTHOUGH THE POPULATION OF THE DREAMING IS QUITE SMALL, EVERYTHING CONSIDERED.

WE'RE HOPELESSLY UNDERSTAFFED.

NOW. WE ***COULD*** VISIT FIDDLER'S GREEN. OR WE COULD--

Lucien?

What exactly are you doing?

I AM SHOWING YOUR GUEST AROUND THE PALACE AND ITS ENVIRONS, MY LORD.

Ah.

My guest?

YES, LORD.

Does this look like my guest to you, Lucien?

Ah.

Oh dear.

Well, no matter. So you have shown a dreamer the castle. It will do no harm.

And have you learned anything from your visit to my palace, mortal dreamer?

No?

Well, all of you come here, sooner or later. This place is the heart of all your dreaming, after all.

But you have seen very little, mortal dreamer. Would you like to stay longer?

After all, there are a thousand thousand other sights to see here in the dreaming. And many things to learn...

THEN I HEAR A BELL RINGING, SHRILL AND INSISTENT.

I'M LOOKING AROUND THE CASTLE TO SEE WHERE IT'S COMING FROM...

I WANTED THE NOISE TO STOP, WANTED TO FIND OUT WHO I WAS TALKING TO.

I KNEW HE COULD TELL ME SECRETS, KNEW THAT HE KNEW WHO THE WOLF-WOMEN WERE, KNEW THAT HE KNEW THE REAL TRUTH BEHIND EVERY DREAM I'D EVER HAD...

THE BELL PIERCES MY DREAMS, AND I ROLL OVER, RELUCTANTLY, AND STRETCH OUT AN ARM.

GOOD MORNING: THIS IS YOUR EARLY-MORNING ALARM CALL. IT'S 7:15 A.M.

OH, THANKS...

I KNOW I WANTED TO CARRY ON SLEEPING. I DON'T REMEMBER WHY ANYMORE.

I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS, NOW.

OH WELL...

SOME KIND OF WEIRD DREAM.

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THAT IMPORTANT.

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, AFTER ALL.

END

DO A FRIGGIN' TRICK, THEN.

WHAT?

YOU SAY YOU'RE A MAGICIAN, RIGHT? DO A TRICK.

AW PISS OFF, CONEY!

I JUST SAID IT, 'COS... AN GHIT, I MEAN--

JUST GIVE'S A SWIG, CONEY. C'MON... BLOODY FREEZIN'...

LUCKY OLD ME, eh? KERNAHAN FALLS ASLEEP BEFORE HE CAN DRINK HIS JACK, AN' I JUST CHANCE ALONG... LOOKS GOOD...

TELL US A STORY, THEN. MAGIC ONE.

GIVE S A SWIG IF I DO?

MMM

TAINTED LOVE

GARTH ENNIS • writer
STEVE DILLON • artist
TOM ZIUKO • colors
gasper • letters
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STUART MOORE • editor

THIS IS A LONG TIME AGO, RIGHT?

BLOODY AGES.

MATE OF MINE CALLED SETH REAL SMOOTH OPERATOR. HAD TO BEAT THE BIRDS OFF WITH A BIG SHITTY STICK.

NOT THAT I HAD MUCH TROUBLE IN THAT DEPARTMENT...

S'POSE THAT'S WHY WE GOT ON SO WELL, Y KNOW EYE FOR THE LADIES, FUN FOR THE LADS, BULLSHITTING ABOUT SCORING AND TARTS AND THIRSTY KIRSTIE'S GOOD FOR A SCREW...

BARBARA-- MARTHA-- THIS IS ME MATE JOHN.

EVENING.

JUST SITTING HERE, WERE THEY?

YEP, WHICH ONE D'YOU FANCY?

LADIE

MARTHA.

PISS OFF! YOU CAN HAVE BLONDIE MATE.

TENNER SAYS I GET MARTHA BEFORE YOU...

ARSEHOLE.

DONE.

YOU'RE JOKING. SHE'S THICK AS PIGSHIT.

I'M SERIOUS. MAKE IT MORE INTERESTING.

THING WITH GETH WAS, [redacted] COULD BE A RIGHT BASTARD WHEN HE WANTED. HE TREATED SOME'VE THE GIRLS LIKE SHIT.

HE JUST WAGN'T ONE FOR TALKING STUFF OUT. A GIRL PISSED HIM OFF, HE'D BE CRUEL AS HELL...

THAT'S IT? YOU'RE GOING?

uh-huh.

YOU'D FIND THESE GIRLS AT PARTIES OR WHEREVER, CRYING THEIR EYES OUT. I'D BOLLOCK HIM ABOUT IT, BUT...

DON'T TALK SHIT, MATE. SCREW 'EM AN' LEAVE 'EM, THAT'S MY MOTTO.

BUT JESUS, HE WAS ME MATE. YOU LET YOUR PALS OFF WITH SOME RIDICULOUS BLOODY THINGS, SOMETIMES. DODGY REMARKS. ROPEY IDEAS. FRIG IT, IT'S ONE OF THE THINGS FRIENDSHIP'S ABOUT...

AND MAYBE YOU SEE SOME'VE THE BAD STUFF IN YOURSELF. AND YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

AND THEN THERE WAS ANNETTE.

DEAR, DEAR, DEAR... THAT SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED...

JESUS... FRIGGING... CHRIST... ALMIGHTY...

MINE. GOTTA BE.

GET WIRED IN, MATE. EMMA'S OVER TOMORROW.

SHE WAS A LANGUAGES STUDENT FROM CALAIS, ON SOME EXCHANGE THING OR OTHER.

SHE WAS DROP-DEAD BLOODY GORGEOUS, AND OLD SETH WAS IN LIKE FLYNN.

I WAS IN THE STATES FOR A WHILE, BUT WHEN I GOT BACK, SETH AN' ANNETTE WERE BLOODY WELL **LIVING TOGETHER.** THIS WAS CLOSER THAN THE FRIGGER'D GOT TO **ANYONE,** RIGHT?

I COULDN'T BELIEVE ME EYES.

IT'S NOT, MATE.

SHE'S THE ONE.

SO WHAT HAPPENED TO "SCREW 'EM AN' LEAVE 'EM"?

JESUS, NO, MATE. NOT WITH HER. SHE'S...

LOOK, I GOTTA GO ANYWAY. SHE'S COOKING TONIGHT.

SHE WASN'T.

SETH GAVE A PARTY ABOUT A WEEK LATER. HALF WAY THROUGH, THE SHIT HIT THE FAN.

PISS OFF! IT'S NOT LIKE THAT AT ALL!

BLOODY WELL SOUNDS LIKE IT, CHUM.

WHAT IS **WRONG** WITH *YOU*? I WAS ONLY **TALKING** TO HER, FOR GOD'S SAKE! SHE'S AN OLD FRIEND!

YOU WERE **KISSING HER,** SETH! DO YOU THINK I AM STUPID? AM I NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

YOU FRIGGING STUPID FRENCH BITCH! YOU THINK YOU'RE SO FRIGGIN' SPECIAL, DON'T YOU?! ALL YOU'RE GOOD FOR IS THE ODD BLOODY LENGTH, YOU WHORE!

GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE RIGHT NOW!!

CHRIST ALMIGHTY, SETH! YOU'LL HURT HER!

SCREW HER.

YEAH... WHAT'S SO BLOODY MAGIC ABOUT ALL THIS?

THAT'S WHERE I COME IN.

uh... ANNETTE? COME ON, LUV. DON'T CRY.

YOU. . YOU ARE JOHN? SETH SAYS YOU ARE THE WIZARD...

SETH HASN'T A CLUE. D'YOU WANT A BRANDY OR SOME-THING?

I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE, JOHN.

PLEASE.

HOW COULD YOU SAY NO TO THAT?

GOT NO BRANDY... I'LL CHANGE THE SHEETS ON THE BED, YOU CAN GET SOME KIP. I'LL TAKE THE COUCH.

YOU ARE VERY KIND.

IS THIS YOUR MAGICIAN'S CAVE? YOU HAVE SOME LOVELY THINGS...

MORE OF A DABBLER'S HOVEL, LUV...

OH, I LOVE OLD BOOKS! ARE THESE YOUR SPELLS, EH?

YOU USE YOUR SPELLS TO CHARM THE YOUNG GIRLS, JOHN? TO HAVE YOUR WICKED WAY?

NO. I DO NOT THINK YOU WOULD.

Heh... WELL, MOST OF IT'S BOLLOCKS...

I DON'T NEED MAGIC FOR THAT...

I WAS THINKING, "NOT TONIGHT, FOR GOD'S SAKE. NOT STRAIGHT AWAY. THINK OF OLD SETH."

BOLLOCKS TO SETH.

BELIEVE ME, SHE WAS GOOD. I DIDN'T **ONCE** TWIG WHAT SHE WAS UP TO.

HE HADN'T HIT HER, BUT HE CAME BLOODY CLOSE--AND THAT CAN BE NEARLY AS SCARY FOR WOMEN, Y'KNOW? REMINDS 'EM YOU CAN DO 'EM A LOT MORE DAMAGE THAN THEY CAN DO YOU.

EVERY BLOODY NIGHT FOR THREE MONTHS SHE WAS AT THEM BOOKS... AND SHE WAS A *LANGUAGES STUDENT...*

LIKE I SAID, I DIDN'T NOTICE...

SO ONE NIGHT I'M ROUND AT SETH'S, FEELING PRETTY SHITTY 'COS HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT ME AN' ANNETTE YET--

...YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER, HAVE YOU?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT, MATE. SHE SHOWED UP AGAIN LAST NIGHT, RIGHT OUT OF THE BLUE...

SHE'S GIVING ME ANOTHER CHANCE, JOHN. I...CHRIST, I DON'T DESERVE IT. I WAS SUCH A ***SHIT*** TO HER...

BUT THIS TIME, I REALLY WANT TO MAKE A *GO* OF IT.

MAKE IT *WORK.*

HI, JOHN.

I'M GETTING COLD, SETH...

THERE IN A TIC, LUV.

uh... YOU CAN LET YOURSELF OUT, CAN T YOU, MATE?

SURE...

&

STREWTH!

SETH? JOHN! WH--WH-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

BUT YOU'RE WITH--

OH MY GOD, MY GOD! OH, JOHN, I HAVE--

I WAS SO ANGRY! SO WRONG! HOW COULD I--

I READ YOUR BOOKS, JOHN! I MADE A DEAL!

eh? WHO WITH?

TH-TH-THE THIRD OF--

JESUS CHRIST! SETH!!

HARDER, CHERI

GOD--UUUHHH--!

DEEPER, CHERI..

DEEPER...

SETH!

WHA--? CONSTANTINE! FOR FRIG'S SAKE--!!

PISS OFF WILL YOU?! CLOSE THE BASTARD DOOR!

IT'S... IT'S...

IT'S NOT HER, MATE.

AND IT...

IT SQUEEZED.

NOGODAAAAHHH

RUN! FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, YOU STUPID COW! RUN!!

SCREW THIS!

AAAAHHH

THE THIRD OF THE THREE.

THE LORD OF A BILLION FACES

THE SHAPECHANGER

AAAAAAAAA-HUK!!

SPTOOCH

BE SEEING YOU.

WHAT...

WHAT HAPPENED TO ANNETTE?

DUNNO.

COULD MAKE A COUPLE OF ROUGH GUESSES, THOUGH.

WELL, I MEAN-- IF--

WHY DIDN T YOU USE YOUR MAGIC STUFF TO FIX IT ALL UP? WHY DON'T YOU USE IT TO SORT YOURSELF OUT NOW? STOP LIVING LIKE SHIT?

'COS I DON T WANT TO.

YOU GONNA GIVE'S A SWIG'VE THAT, THEN?

IT'S ALL YOURS.

I WAS... TOO MUCH LIKE SETH...

THE END

ANIMAL MAN
TRACK THREE

YOU KNOW HOW YOU SOMETIMES GET TO FEELING WHEN BIRDS ARE GATHERING TO MIGRATE. WHEN YOU'RE ONLY HALFWAY THROUGH A TOO-LONG SUMMER EVENING. OR WHEN YOU'RE HORNY AND YOUR PARTNER WON'T WAKE UP?

RESTLESS, THAT'S THE WORD

LIKE YOUR LIFE'S A SOGGY OLD CHAIR THAT'S EDGED BEYOND COMFORT INTO **CLAUSTROPHOBIA** YOU GET AN INSANE DESIRE TO DOUSE IT IN GASOLINE AND TORCH IT

CRAZY, HUH?

SHIT, I'M HAPPY ENOUGH I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WANTED: TRUE LOVE REGULAR SEX BEAUTIFUL EXCITING CHILDREN AND A GOOD PLACE TO RAISE THEM IN--WEIRDNESS AND ADVENTURE ON THE SIDE

BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH. IT CAN'T BE, OR ELSE I WOULDN'T HAVE THIS CONSTANT, NAGGING SENSE OF **GUILT**.

I KEEP CATCHING SCARY GLIMPSES OF IT BUT THE PICTURE BUILDS TOO SLOWLY THERE'S TOO LITTLE TIME I NEED TO KNOW WHAT I SHOULD BE DOING. I NEED IT SPELLING OUT TO ME

I'M LIKE A MAN WITH A MISSION WHO'S FORGOTTEN WHAT IT IS THERE'S SOME THREAT THAT I DON'T WANT TO FACE--SOMETHING THAT'S ALMOST TOO BIG TO SEE

I WISH I COULD BE DYNAMIC; TAKE THE LEAD INSTEAD OF JUST REACTING; GET HOLD OF REALITY BY THE THROAT AND SHAKE IT MAYBE I'M JUST TOO NICE--OR LAZY

I NEED A KICK UP THE ASS TO GET ME MOVING. ELLEN COULD DO IT SHE'S A CLEAR THINKER BUT HOW CAN I EXPLAIN WHAT I MEAN TO HER WHEN I CAN'T EVEN EXPLAIN IT TO MYSELF?

I JUST GO BUMBLING AROUND IN MY HAPPY-GO-LUCKY FOG--A SIMPLE, MIXED-UP BASTARD DUMB-CLUCKING IN THE WILDERNESS

GLOBGLOBGLOB GLOBBAGLOB

GLOB GLOBBA GLOBGLOB

GLOBBA GLOBGLOBGLOB GLOBBA

talking turkey

SO ? WHAT ? YOU GOT SOMETHIN TO SAY OR YOU JUST BEIN' SMART?

GLOB

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UH-UH. HOLD IT RIGHT THERE WILDFOWL DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH

OH YEAH ?

WELL FELLA WE.THER DON'T HUMANS SPEAK TURKEY SO E THER I AIN'T A TURKEY OR YOU AIN'T A HUMAN

ANYHOW, TAIN'T ENGLISH S'AMERICAN. US TURKEYS ARE AS AMERICAN AS YOU CAN GET

WE WAS ON THIS LAND BEFORE COLUMBUS BEFORE THE VIKINGS--HELL WE WAS HERE BEFORE THE RED-MAN, TOO

WE'RE AMERICAN AS TOBACCO AUTOMOBILES, AND CRACK--

AS MOTION PICTURES THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AND FREE SPEECH

AND THANKSGIVING ?

OH, FUNNY GUY HUH? MAYBE YOU'RE TRYNA SAY YOU'RE GONNA EAT ME?

SO HOW COME I DON'T SEE YOU TOTIN' YOUR NAPK'N AN' YOUR KNIFE AN' FORK'Z

WHERE'S YOUR *MICROWAVE*? YOU GONNA EAT ME *RAW*?

ACTUALLY I DON'T EAT MEAT. I'M A VEGETARIAN

YEAH Z I HEARD OF THEM HUMANS WITH THEIR HEADS UP THEIR BUTTS WHO THINK IF THEY JUST STOP EAT'N OTHER ANIMALS THEY DON'T HAVE TO FEEL BAD ABOUT ALL THE OTHER CRAZY SHIT THEY DO

THAT'S NOT FAIR IT'S NOT JUST *EATING* FLESH THAT'S WRONG—IT'S THE UNNATURAL WAY IT'S RAISED AND KILLED THAT'S IMMORAL

IMMORAL Z SHIT GROW UP WILLYA? AIN'T NOTHIN' MORAL IN NATURE AIN'T NO *RULES*—JUST CAUSE AN' EFFECT

SURE IT'S CRUEL AN' SICK-MINDED TO LOCK UP ANIMALS IN THE DARK TORTURE 'EM AN' EAT 'EM BUT Y'KNOW WHAT THEY SAY'Z A SICK MIND LEADS TO A SICK BODY

HEY, YOU SHIT WHERE YOU EAT, YOU'RE GONNA GET A DISEASE AN' DIE YOU HUMANS DON'T *KNOW* THAT'Z

LISTEN, LEMME EXPLAIN SOMETHIN' TO YOU THE WORLD OF FLESH IS A WORLD OF HUNGRY BELLIES I'M A TURKEY LOTSA THINGS EAT TURKEY SO ONE DAY I GET EATEN I AIN'T GONNA BE SURPRISED

THAT'S LIFE, Y'KNOW? IT AIN'T THE END OF THE *WORLD*

I TELLYA, I'D RATHER BE EATEN BY A TOOTHLESS COYOTE THAN GET POISONED BY CHEMICALS OR STARVE TO DEATH CAUSE YOU JERK-OFF HUMANS SCREWED THE WEATHER UP

WISE *UP*, PAL. WHY DON'TCHA? BEIN' A VEGETARIAN AN' LIVIN' NICE DON'T AMOUNT TO A HILL OF *BEANS* IN THE LONG RUN

'CAUSE THERE *AIN'T* NO LONG RUN ANYMORE

BIG CHANGE IS COMIN' PAL NO GOOD PUTTIN' ON A RAINCOAT FOR A TIDAL WAVE -- Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

THINGS RE GONNA GET *REAL* TOUGH *REAL* SOON

LEAST NOT FOR YOU *HUMANS* THERE AIN'T YOU'VE BLOWN IT OUT YOUR *ASSES* THE WRITIN'S BEEN ON THE GODDAMN WALL SO LONG IT'S STARTIN' TO FADE AWAY

NOW THAT AIN'T SO BAD FOR US CRITTERS, THINGS'VE BEEN TOUGH FOR US *FOREVER.*

BUT YOU GUYS ARE GONNA TAKE IT REAL *HARD*

SO, HEY GOTTA GO NOW WORMS TO DIG, Y KNOW?

NICE TALKIN' TO YOU, FELLA GOOD LUCK, HUH?

YEAH SURE YOU TOO

SMUG BIG-MOUTHED UGLY PIN-HEAD BASTARD! WHAT THE HELL DOES HE KNOW? HE CAN'T JUST WRITE OFF HUMANITY IN A COUPLE OF SENTENCES

SURE WE'VE SCREWED THINGS UP GOOD--BUT WE *ARE* TAKING STEPS TO MAKE IT RIGHT WE ARE MOVING SLOWLY IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

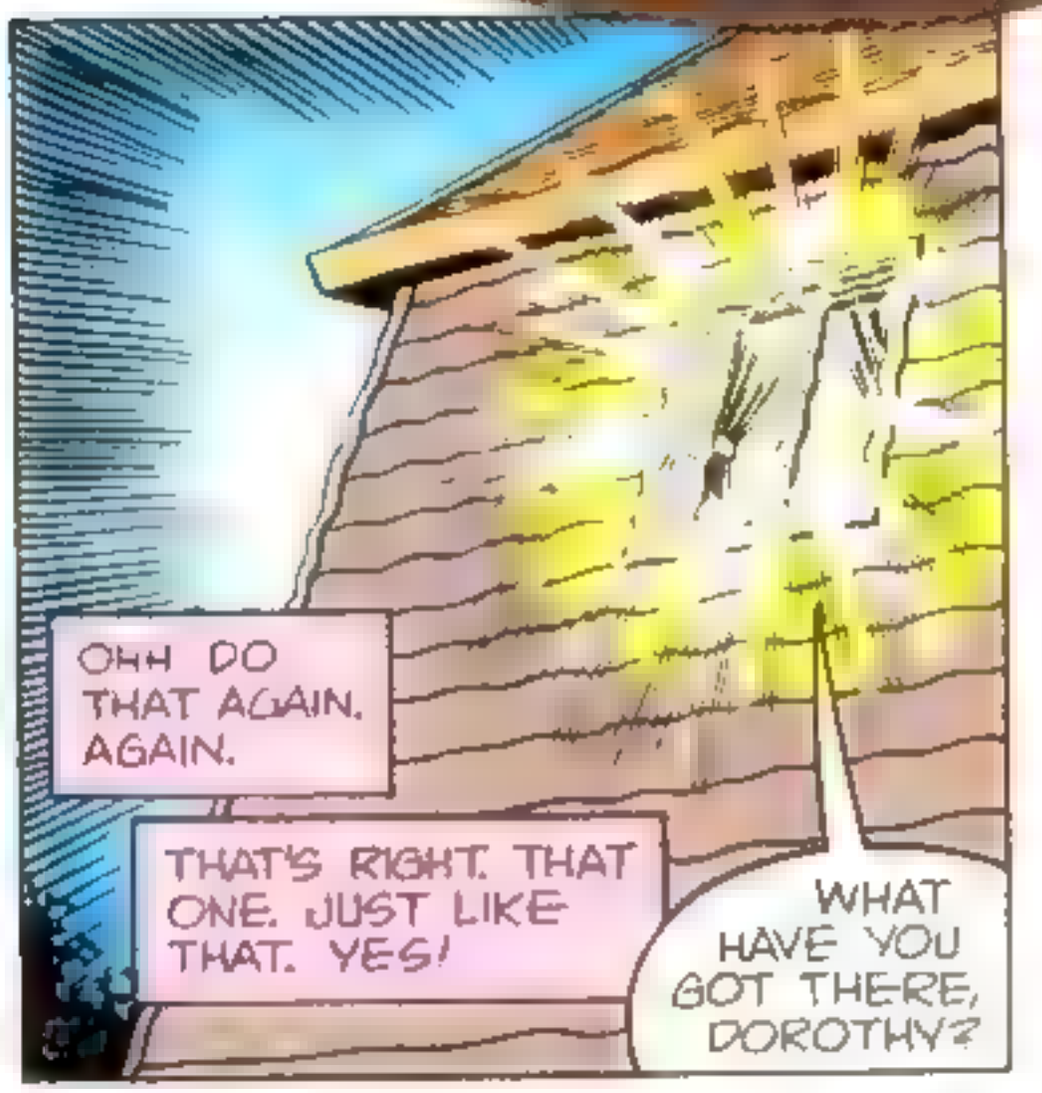
IT'S NOT TOO LATE WE *ARE* GONNA MAKE IT WE *WILL* EVOLVE IN TIME

WE'RE NOT *COMPLETELY* STUPID--

ARE WE?

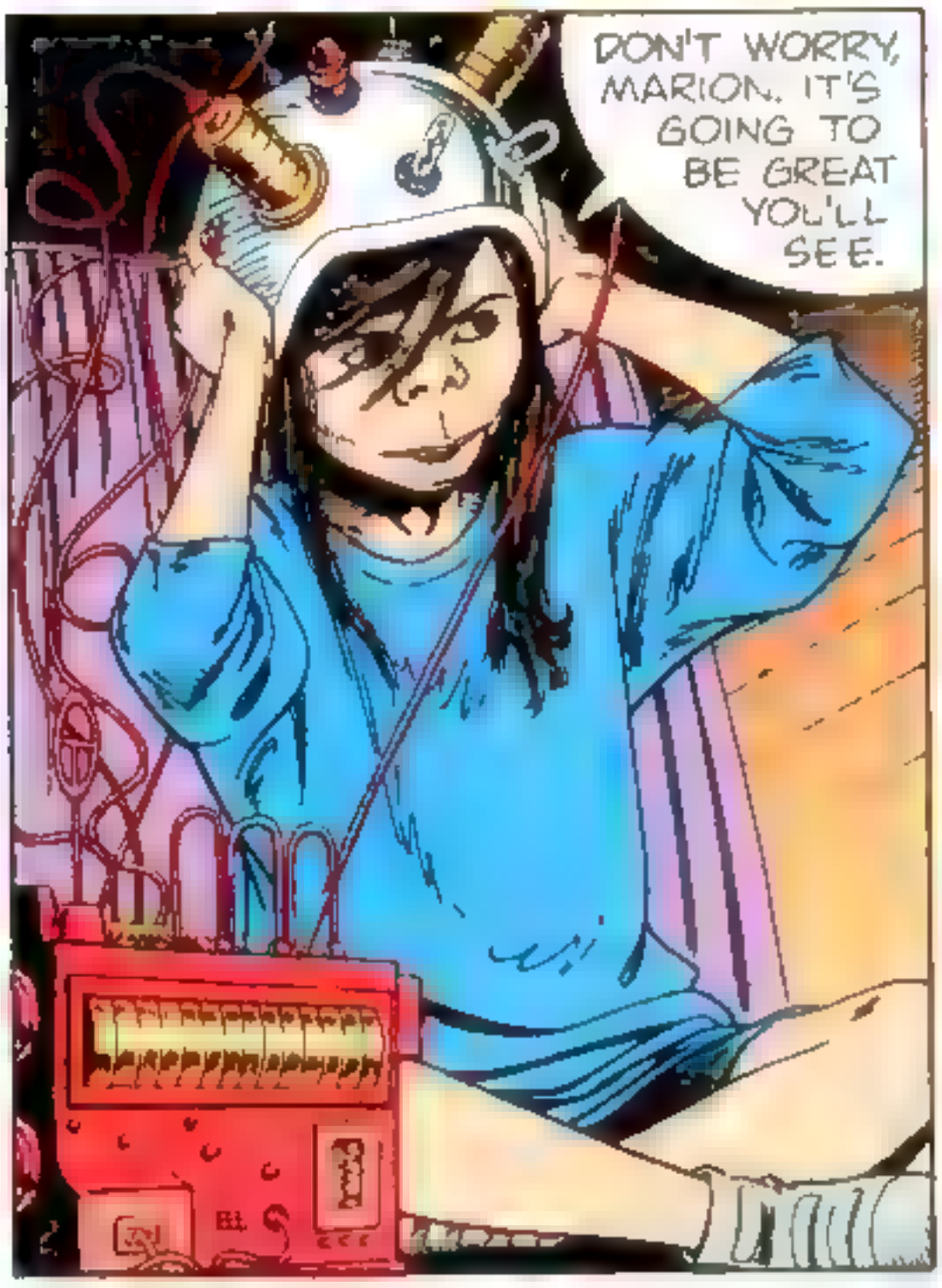
END

RAINBOW ESTATES
A
COMMUN.TY
FOR L.VING
AHH! YES, OH YESS!


OHH DO THAT AGAIN. AGAIN.
THAT'S RIGHT. THAT ONE. JUST LIKE THAT. YES!
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, DOROTHY?

IT'S THIS REALLY GREAT THING. CHARLIE FOUND IT ON THE BACK OF A MAGA-ZINE
IT'S A PSYCHIC RADIONIC TRANSMITTER SHIELD. YOU TURN IT ON AND IT PROTECTS YOU FROM BAD VIBRATIONS

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS, SWEETIE YOU'RE A PRETTY POWER-FUL PSYCHIC TRANSMITTER YOURSELF


DON'T WORRY, MARION. IT'S GOING TO BE GREAT YOU'LL SEE.

UNNH!
YUUMM!

SPOOKS

RETURN SATISFIED

SHOOO

WHAT'S GOING ON? I HEARD AN EXPLOSION

JESUS WHAT DID YOU DO TO THE WALL?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, CLIFF NOBODY'S ATTACKING WE'VE JUST HAD A SMALL PROBLEM

CARTER TOM

MARION READINGS IN THE MONITOR ROOM HAVE JUST SHOWN A TEMPORARY ABERRATION IN THE BLOCKS HOLDING THE SRS, THE GHOSTS THAT HAUNT OUR HOUSE. IS THIS TRUE?

I LOVE WHEN YOU CALL THEM THAT SRS. SEXUALLY REMAINDERED SPIRITS. IT'S SO YOU, NILES

YOU **KNOW** THEY'RE JUST PEOPLE WHO DIED GETTING THEMSELVES OFF

BUT YES I'M AFRAID WE HAD A SMALL ACCIDENT **FEATHERED JONATHAN** AND **ALICE WIRED FOR SOUND** HAVE GOTTEN OUT

DON'T WORRY, THOUGH. YOU BOYS GO BACK TO YOUR BATTLE PLANS

I'M SURE GEORGE AND DOROTHY AND I CAN HANDLE IT

WOW

WELCOME TO VIOLET VALLEY

SO HOW DID THEY DIE?

"JONATHAN WANTED TO FLY REALLY FLY. HE MADE AN EXQUISITE COSTUME AND TOOK UP SKYDIVING

"BUT THE PARA-CHUTE SIMPLY CLASHED TOO MUCH WITH THE WHOLE GESTALT. FLIGHTUS INTERRUPTUS.

"SO, HE SIMPLY-- DID WITHOUT IT"

WHAT? WHO IS-- OHH! OH MY GOD!

AND ALICE?

UMM ALICE WIRED FOR SOUND. ALICE IS TRULY SPECIAL ..

The J. J.

A GENUINE HERO

I'M REALLY GLAD YOU'RE MY FRIEND, GAIL VIOLET VALLEY HIGH IS JUST SO **BORING**. ALL THOSE GIRLS WANT TO TALK ABOUT IS BOYS

TELL ME ABOUT IT. OH JANET IT'S REALLY GREAT TO KNOW YOU

WHAT THE HELL?

TOUCHING SLOWLY DEEPLY INNER OPEN CHOCOLATE TIPS AND MUSCLES FINGERS CREAMY SOFTLY TONGUES AND TEETH AND LICORICE SCRATCHING

TODA -2E WI -GO

OH, GOD, IT'S BEEN SO LONG MICHAEL, DARLING MICHAEL, I MISS YOU, I LOVE YOU.

THERE'S NEVER ANY **WOMEN'S** MUSIC ON THIS BOX I WISH THEY HAD THE RUDE GIRLS.

OPENED SEAMS FINGERS STROKE IN CRACKS OF LIGHT WETNESS SLIDING LEGS OF SOFTNESS TONGUES IN DARKNESS POUNDING

THAT'S NOT THAT'S NOT WHAT I

ALICE WAS A SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR IN A NURSING HOME SHE FELT SO BAD FOR ALL THE PATIENTS, SHE DECIDED TO HOOK UP HER OWN ECSTASY TO EACH OF THEM THROUGH THE INTERCOM SYSTEM

DID SHE DIE FROM EXHAUSTION?

NO ACTUALLY IT WAS THE FEEDBACK THAT GOT HER

HEY, IT'S THE DOOM PATROL! HI GUYS!

OH LOOK THERE'S JONATHAN

WELL I GUESS WE HAVE TO CANCEL THE VACATION

I'M SORRY, JONATHAN IT'S TIME TO GO HOME NOW

I CAN'T HAVE YOU EXPOSING THE MEN

AOOW

GEORGE!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO STAY IN THE HOUSE

I'M AFRAID WE'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU HOME JOHN

YOU MUST CALM DOWN THAT, DO YOU HEAR ME?

OHH!

DAMN IT, JOHN -

UHHH

WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? LET GO OF ME

STOP THAT STOP THAT RIGHT NOW. LEAVE HER ALONE

LONG STRIPS STROKING DARKNESS WITNESS DEEP DOWN FINGERS SOFTLY LICKING

NOO! LEAVE ME ALONE. I DON'T *WANT* THAT.

HONEY PIE. I NEED HONEY PIE NOW!

JESUS. I WISH I COULD DO THAT

GET THEM HURRY

ARE YOU OKAY?

I'M FINE, SWEETIE THANKS

WHAT DID YOU DO? WHAT ***WAS*** THAT THING ANYWAY?

THAT WAS HONEYPIE, ONE OF MY IMAGINARY FRIENDS FROM CHILDHOOD

I GUESS WE BETTER GET THESE TWO INTO THE CAR

WHY IS THERE NEVER A ROBOTMAN AROUND WHEN YOU NEED ONE?

MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE INVITED CLIFF ALONG AFTER ALL.

WANT TO COME TO MY HOUSE?

MMM, THAT SOUNDS ***WONN***DERFUL.

END

SWAMP THING
TRACK FIVE

SHE'S GONE MY WIFE IS GONE

TIME AND TIME AGAIN I HAVE COME CLOSE TO LOSING ABBY THROUGH DEATH OR WORSE

BUT I NEVER DREAMED SHE WOULD EVER LEAVE ME OF HER OWN VOLITION

I TRIED TO EXPLAIN WHY..I SPLIT MYSELF INTO..TWO SEPARATE BEINGS...THAT I DID IT FOR HER BUT SHE REFUSES TO UNDERSTAND

SHE CLAIMS THAT I'VE CHANGED THAT SHE NO LONGER KNOWS ME .. PERHAPS SHE IS CORRECT

BUT ALL I KNOW.. IS THAT I STILL LOVE HER

OH, PLEASE! SPARE ME THE SELF-PITY!

WHO IS THERE--? FRIEND OR FOE?

MUST YOU BE SO SPECIFIC? VERY WELL I'M A FRIEND I SUPPOSE

SHOW YOURSELF THEN!

ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS BRUSQUE WITH STRANGERS?

ONLY THOSE WHO SPY ON ME

POINT WELL TAKEN

the GHOST in the GREEN

Writer- NANCY A COLLINS
Penciller- PHILLIP HESTER
Inker: KIM DEMULDER
Colorist TOM McCRAW
Letterer- CLEM ROBINS
Ass't Editor- JULIE ROTTENBERG
Editor- STUART MOORE
SWAMP THING created by LEN WEIN & BERNIE WRIGHTSON

WHO ARE YOU ?

ARE YOU ONE OF THE PARLIAMENT DID THEY SEND YOU?

MY NAME IS GREENSLEEVES ERL-KING

AND ALTHOLSH I AM NOT ONE OF THE PARLIAMENT AND NEVER SHALL BE I AM STILL ONE OF YOUR KINFOLK

THEN WHO--AND WHAT--ARE YOU ?

I AM A GHOST

I HAVE USED THE GREEN AS AN ENTRANCE TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS BUT I DID NOT KNOW THAT SPIRITS COULD TRAVEL THROUGH IT AS WELL

AND I NEED YOUR HELP.

NORMALLY THEY CAN'T BUT I'M FAR FROM YOUR AVERAGE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD MY FRIEND

YOU SEE YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE-- INDIRECTLY--FOR MY *BEING* A GHOST IN THE FIRST PLACE!

"THREE YEARS AGO MY NAME WAS ALAN HELSTROM AND I WAS THE LEAD GUITARIST FOR THE HEALING FAITH

"WE WERE A YOUNG BAND JUST GETTING STARTED BUT WITH A CHANCE OF MAKING SOMETHING OF OURSELVES YEP, WE WERE GONNA BE BIG ROCK N ROLL STARS!

"WE WERE ON TOUR PLAYING UPSTATE PENNSYLVANIA SLEEPING AT REST AREAS LIVING OFF LITTLE DEBBIE SNACK CAKES AND YOO-HOO WASHING UP IN PUBLIC REST ROOMS

"YOU KNOW, PAYING OUR DUES

"THEN EVERYTHING CHANGED"

"NEXT THING I KNOW, I'M ON FIRE AND THIS VOICE INSIDE ME IS TELLING ME TO HEAD FOR THE WATER THE COOL, COOL WATER

"BUT I'M SURE YOU KNOW THE STORY BY NOW FIRE, WATER THE INITIALS 'A H

YOU WERE ONE OF THE REPLACEMENTS THE PARLIAMENT OF TREES CHOSE WHEN IT THOUGHT ME DEAD

BUT HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? MY DAUGHTER, TEFE HOUSES THE SPIRIT OF THE ELEMENTAL THAT WAS TO BE MY SUCCESSOR

"I'M NOT SURE... BUT YOU SEE, ALAN HELSTROM DIDN'T DIE IMMEDIATELY

"PARAMEDICS WERE ON THE SCENE WITHIN MINUTES, AND HELSTROM WAS TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL. HE DIED-- TEMPORARILY--WHILE IN THE AMBULANCE, BUT THEY MANAGED TO REVIVE HIM.

"HELSTROM REMAINS, TO THIS DAY, IN A COMA, LITTLE MORE THAN A LUMP OF HUMAN CHARCOAL, CAPABLE OF DOING NOTHING BUT BREATHING, ABSORBING LIQUID NUTRIENTS, AND EXCRETING--ALL OF IT THROUGH TUBES..."

I AM NOT COMPLETELY SURE TO TELL THE TRUTH

AM I THE SOUL OF ALAN HELSTROM SET FREE DURING THAT FLEETING MOMENT OF DEATH OR AM I THE GHOST OF AN ELEMENTAL DESTINED NEVER TO BE BORN?

HOW DOES THIS EXPLAIN YOUR EXISTENCE?

"FOR THREE YEARS I HAVE TRAVELED THROUGHOUT THE GREEN'S VAST LIFE-WEB YET I'M UNABLE TO MANIFEST MYSELF ON THE PHYSICAL PLANE, OR MANIPULATE VEGETATION, LIKE A TRUE ELEMENTAL

"IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN BEING A GENUINE GHOST. AT LEAST THEN I'D HAVE OTHERS OF MY KIND TO KEEP ME COMPANY!

"I HAVE EVEN GONE SO FAR AS TO APPEAL TO THE PARLIAMENT FOR HELP IN MY DILEMMA, BUT THEY DO NOT SEEM TO SEE OR HEAR ME PERHAPS I'M TOO MUCH OF A HUMAN SPIRIT FOR THEM TO EVEN NOTICE ME

"I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET YOUR ATTENTION FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SO PREOCCUPIED WITH YOUR FAMILY... UNTIL NOW

FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO RUDE EARLIER. BUT MY PATIENCE HAS BEEN WEARING THIN OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS

LINHART GENERAL HOSPITAL: PAOLI, PENNSYLVANIA.

ALAN ?

IT'S ME, BABY LAUREN

I BROUGHT YOU SOME FLOWERS. SWEETHEART ROSES YOUR FAVORITE, REMEMBER?

CHUK

EEEEE

THANK YOU

YOU'RE WELCOME MY BROTHER- WHO NEVER WAS

NOW WE BOTH KNOW PEACE SOMEDAY

END

KID ETERNITY
TRACK SIX

I AM ALIVE I AM A CORPSE

WATCH ME LIVE, SEE ME ROT

WRITER: ANN NOCENTI
ILLUSTRATORS: DUNCAN FEGREDO & SEAN PHILLIPS
CLEM ROBINS LETTERER/ TOM ZIUKO COLORIST
JULIE ROTTENBERG, ASST EDITOR
TOM PEYER, EDITOR

WHAT'S THAT STINK? IS IT ME?

GARLIC MY SKIN SMELLS OF RANCID GARLIC

he who falls

LOOK AT THIS KID, HE'S BEEN HERE FOR MONTHS A LIFER, YA KNOW? CRAZY FOR LIFE

WET STONE IRON RUST HYPOCRISY PISS. :SIGH: MY HOME

I HAVE POWER THEY GAVE IT TO ME IN HEAVEN I TOOK IT STRAIGHT TO HELL HEHEH

HE PISSED HIMSELF! I AIN'T CLEANIN' HIM UP!

AM I LIVIN' OR DYING?

I SPEAK TO GOD, I TALK TO SHADOWS

I SAVE MANKIND. I DAMN MAN I AM GOD I AM GHOUL

THERE IS SOMETHING VERY REPULSIVE ABOUT ME

I CAN SMELL IT

SAGGING YELLOW SKIN, A PAIR OF WRINKLED PEARS, LOOKS LIKE AN OLD MAN'S BAGGY ASS

I WON'T EAT IT

MEAT WITH VEINS I HATE MEAT WITH VEINS. LIKE SOMEBODY ELSE'S TONGUE.

CLICK!

EH?

WHO'S THERE?!

THIS IS MY CELL! MY PRIVATE CELL! GET OUT!

HELLO, ETERNITY

ETERNITY? HA!

DAMNED IF I'LL LIVE THE LENGTH OF MY NAME

I SEE YOU'RE WEARING YOUR HORNS TODAY, DR PATHOS?

I HAVE NO HORNS, KID YOU SEE WHAT YOU WISH

OH, SO GENTLE

YOU CARESS ME? RUN YOUR FINGERS THROUGH MY HAIR?

WHAT'S NEXT A THERAPEUTIC RAPE?

NO, I WAS JUST SEARCHING FOR THESE LITTLE WIRES

I NEED ACCESS TO YOUR MIND

I MUST KNOW WHAT DRIVES YOU TO EXPLORE CONSCIOUSNESS

YOU SEE, I BELIEVE YOUR DESIRE FOR SPIRITUALITY IS SELFISH, NO DIFFERENT FROM A DRUNK'S BINGING OR A LASCIVIOUS MAN'S TERMINAL CASE OF SATYRIASIS

LET US TRIP SOME MEMORIES

NO

...UNTIL WE FIND THE *ORIGINAL MOMENT* THAT SET YOUR JUVENILE FEET FIRMLY ON THE PATH OF THE FALSE SAINT

ON

GIMME! THAT! MIRROR!

MUH? WHO ARE YOU? THIS IS MY CELL!

YOU'RE SO STUPID, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? THIS IS HELL, YOU ASSHOLE. I AM YOU. YOUR HELL IS TO SIT IN A ROOM WITH ONLY YOURSELF AND A MIRROR, YOU VAIN LITTLE MONSTER.

NO! I'M ME. I'M NOT YOU

I HATE YOU!

OH YEAH? HATE ME AND YOU HATE YOURSELF.

NOW GIVE ME THAT MIRROR!

DON'T TOUCH ME! I'M NOTHING LIKE YOU!

SMAK!

:SIGH:

OH BOY. IT'S MINE NOW.

THERE IT IS--MY FACE

I LOOK KIND OF

EYEBALLS...

ARE SO FRAGILE

ICK! I'M SWEATING OR IS IT A RASH?

ANTS?!

UGH.

AW, CRIPES, YOU STUPID! YOU GAVE ME A STUPID NOSE BLEED!

NO EXIT

I HATE NOSE BLEEDS!

ABANDON HOPE

BLOODY WHAT?

OH GAWD, YOU KNOCKED OUT A TOOTH!

I'M GONNA STICK IT BACK IN I AM!

OH GAWD! MY TEETH!

MY FINGERS!

AAAAHHH!

NO, NO KID! WHY DID YOU STOP OFF IN HELL?

I WANT YOU TO GO BACK *FURTHER*, BEFORE YOUR TIME IN HELL, BEFORE YOUR DEATH, TO YOUR *CHILDHOOD*

"REMEMBER? WHEN YOU WERE INNOCENT?"

YAAAAAAAA! WOOP!

SCARED YOU!

YEAH, RIGHT

MMMMM

HEY, WANNA GET HIGH?

WHAT D'YA MEAN?

WANNA LEAVE YOUR BODY AND GO TO ANOTHER PLANET?

SURE

OKAY DO LIKE I DO

SPIN!
SPIN!
ROUND AND ROUND!
WE'RE WHIRLING DERVISHES!
YA GOTTA SPIN AN SPIN AN LET YOURSELF GO!
EEEEE!
AAAAAAAH!
EEEEE!
WOW
SEE?
YEAH, THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD
BAH!
VERTIGO. SIMPLE VERTIGO
A CHILDISH SWOON. A DIZZY ESCAPE.
JUST AS I THOUGHT THERE IS NO NOBLE QUEST HERE, NO SAINTHOOD
YOUR HOLY GRAIL IS A BENT TIN CHALICE STINKING OF THE CHEAPEST WINE
SURE, DOCTOR.
UNLOFTY, YES INELEGANT, SURE
BUT PERHAPS IT IS DOWN LOW, WHERE IT IS BASE AND IT STINKS THAT ONE LEARNS
ENOUGH!
I WANT ANOTHER MEMORY! ONE RIGHT BEFORE YOUR DEATH!
ON

SCARED ?

NO

THEN GO !!

BEEP !

WE DID IT !

WE BEAT DEATH !

WE BEAT IT WE BEAT IT WE'RE IMMORTAL !

YEAH !

I BEAT IT!

ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT!

NO WAIT, YOU MISS THE POINT!

A BASE *DEATH WISH* IS ALL WE HAVE FOUND

IT WAS THE CALL OF *EMPTINESS* THAT SEDUCED YOU! YOU WERE CHASING DEATH, ANSWERING *NOTHING*

OH REALLY? JUST AN EMPTY HUNGER? DO DEAD MEN EAT?

'CAUSE THAT FOOD SMELLS *GREAT.*

ETERNITY! WE MUST CONTINUE TO DIALOGUE!

WHY?

BECAUSE IT IS ESSENTIAL

OH, REALLY?

MMM SMACK! SLURP! GARLIC SAUCE... WITH SWEET BASIL! GULP!

SMAKGULP! KNOW WHAT DOC? GUESS I'LL BE CHECKIN' OUTTA HERE TODAY

UMPH SLURP GULP! RELAX DOC

HAVE A DELICIOUS STRAW-BERRY

END

THE VISION

PETER MILLIGAN: writer MICHAEL ALLRED: artist
LAURA ALLRED: colorist TODD KLEIN: letterer
SHELLY ROEBERG: assistant editor
KAREN BERGER: editor
SHADE is based on the character created by
STEVE DITKO

THE AMBULANCE SHOULD BE HERE IN FIVE MINUTES.

THERE WAS A GAS STATION HALF A MILE DOWN THE ROAD AND THEY LET ME USE THEIR PHONE. HOW IS HE?

NOT TOO GOOD IN FACT, NOT GOOD AT ALL

IN *FACT*, HE DIED ABOUT THREE MINUTES AGO.

OH.

HE LOOKS... *HAPPY*. HE'S *SMILING*.

OF COURSE HE'S SMILING. *SHADE THE ILLUSIONIST* MADE SURE OF *THAT*.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. IS THIS GOING TO DISGUST ME?

ALL I DID WAS GIVE HIM WHAT HE WISHED FOR. A LITTLE MASSAGING OF REALITY SO IT CONFORMED TO WHAT HE WANTED I GAVE HIM A *VISION*.

WHAT'S THE HARM IN THAT?

THE HARM IS THAT *FATHER WILLIAMS* DIED BELIEVING A *LIE*.

FATHER *WILLIAMS*?

HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, JUST BEFORE HE LOST IT FOR GOOD. HE SAID HE HAD A HISTORY OF HEART PROBLEMS

THAT'S NOT THE *ONLY* THING HE HAD A HISTORY OF

WELL, I THINK LENNY IS WRONG AND IT WAS A VERY NICE THING YOU DID, SHADE YOU GAVE HIM SOME *COMFORT.*

NO MATTER HOW STRONG HIS *FAITH* WAS, HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME FEAR AS HIS DEATH APPROACHED

SO WHAT IF IT WAS AN *EX NAZI* WE FOUND DYING HERE? DO WE GET SHADE TO GIVE HIM A VISION OF THE *NUREMBURG RALLY,* JUST TO MAKE HIS PASSING A LITTLE MORE PLEASANT? HOW ABOUT IF I HUMMED SOME WAGNER...?

THAT'S NOT THE SAME, LENNY

MY GRANDMOTHER DIED WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN AND ON HER DEATH BED SHE ASKED EVERYONE WHETHER THEY THOUGHT THERE WAS A GOD AND A HEAVEN.

EVEN THOUGH MOST OF THEM DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, EVERYONE SAID YES.

EXCEPT *YOU,* OF COURSE

NO. I WAS A COWARD TOO. I SAID, "OF COURSE GRANDMA THERE'S A GOD AND A HEAVEN AND GRANDPA WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU THERE" I FELT SICK AFTERWARDS. WHEN *I* DIE I DON'T WANT LIES

BUT, *LENNY,* YOU'RE GETTING THIS OUT OF PROPORTION. HE WAS AN OLD MAN...

HE WAS A PRIEST AND HE SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE FEEDING PEOPLE *PIE IN THE SKY* HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO HAVE IT CONFIRMED

PARTICULARLY AFTER WHAT HE *TOLD* US

HO..D ON, WHAT D.D HE TELL YOU?

I TH NK HE WAS, WHAT'S THE TERM, CONFESSING HIS SINS.

BUT HE ONLY HAD A FEW MINUTES SO HE PROBABLY JUST SCRAPED THE BARREL.

WHEN HIS EYES OPENED HE LOOKED UP AT US, HE HELD LENNY'S HAND AND STARTED TO TALK ABOUT HIS LIFE .

"HE'D BEEN A PRIEST FOR MOST OF IT..."

IT'S BEEN , A TERRIBLE AND W.CKED LIFE I'VE LED...

KEEP QUIET AND SAVE YOUR STRENGTH OUR FR.END HAS GONE TO GET HELP

NO I HAVE TO SAY TH S, WHILE I HAVE THE CHANCE I WAS ON MY WAY TO *CONFESSION*.. FINALLY, TO SAY THE TRUTH...

WE'RE NOT REALLY QUALIF.ED..

... I WON'T MAKE .T NOW... YOU RE ALL I HAVE ..

THAT DOESN'T MATTER LISTEN, I'VE BEEN WEAK. I'VE BEEN A DISGRACE TO THE CHURCH, THE CLOTH... TO OUR LORD HIMSELF

JE. I MEAN, HEY, YOU CAN T HAVE BEEN *THAT* BAD.

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, GIRL GUESS HOW MANY WOMEN I'VE HAD NO. DON'T GUESS. I'LL TELL YOU THIRTY TWO *THIRTY TWO!* F.F TEEN OF THOSE WERE MARR ED ONE WAS ONLY SIXTEEN.

OH MY GOD, I'VE BEEN SO, SO *WICKED*. I STOLE MONEY FROM THE COLLECTION BOX AND GAMBLED IT ALL ON HORSES. I DRANK LIKE A FISH AND SMOKED LIKE A CHIMNEY.

BUT IT WAS THE WOMEN... IT WAS THE WOMEN WHO WERE MY WEAKNESS

AH GOD, THE WOMEN! AND THE WORST IS I USED MY POSITION, OF TRUST, OF AUTHORITY, TO SEDUCE THEM.

NOT THAT SOME OF THEM WEREN'T PAST SEDUCING ME, OF COURSE, GOD NO.. BUT I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS ULTIMATELY RESPONSIBLE ..

AND THEN I'D STAND UP AND RANT ABOUT CHASTITY AND THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE!

SHIT, NONE OF US ARE PERFECT

YOU'RE...YOU'RE BEING *IRONIC*.

GOOD BE AS HARD AS YOU LIKE. I DON'T DESERVE KINDNESS.

BUT WHY HAVE I BEEN SO *BAD*? HAVE I BEEN *TESTING* HIM, HUH? IS *THAT* IT?

HAVE I BEEN SAYING, HEY, GOD, IF YOU'RE UP THERE YOU SHOULD BE STRIKING ME DOWN WITH LIGHTNING FOR WHAT I'M GETTING UP TO. IS THAT WHAT I WAS DOING?

MAYBE YOU JUST LIKED HAVING SEX WITH WOMEN, AS SIMPLE AS THAT

YOU'RE RIGHT I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN AWAY MY LASCIVIOUSNESS ... BUT...

BUT IF ONLY HE'D STRUCK ME DOWN! IF ONLY HE'D *PUNISHED* ME IN SOME WAY!

BUT NO! I'VE LIVED A CHARMED LIFE ALL THAT FORNICATION AND DRUNKENNESS AND GAMBLING, AND I NEVER ONCE GOT CAUGHT

I'VE PROSPERED, I'M EIGHTY-NINE AND HAVE NEVER HAD A DAY'S ILLNESS IN MY LIFE, APART FROM THE ODD HEART MURMUR...

"HE SUNK INTO A KIND OF SLEEP THEN

"WE THOUGHT HE'D DIED

"BUT THEN HIS EYES WERE OPEN AGAIN."

HE WAS WEEPING. HE WAS REALLY CRYING HIS EYES OUT

HYPOCRITICAL OLD LECHER.

BOY. TALK ABOUT CARRYING A HEAVY LOAD

ANYWAY, NOW YOU SEE WHY HE DIDN'T DESERVE ANY *ILLUSIONS*.

I WOULDN'T HAVE MINDED HIM BEING A REPROBATE SO LONG AS HE HADN'T CHASTIZED OTHERS FOR BEING REPROBATES ALL HIS LIFE

I DON'T KNOW. I THINK... IN SOME WAY IT WAS AN EVEN NICER GESTURE, KNOWING WHAT HE MUST HAVE BEEN GOING THROUGH

YEAH THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT

BY NOW HE WAS GETTING WEAKER HE WAS RAMBLING ON AND ON ABOUT HIS SINS BUT IT WAS HARD TO FOLLOW

I JUST CAUGHT AN OCCASIONAL REFERENCE TO NAKED FLESH AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

"HE WAS SLIPPING AWAY FAST BUT HE COULD STILL SEE SO I THOUGHT, WHY NOT, WHY NOT HELP THE POOR OLD BASTARD ON HIS WAY OUT?

"HIS EYES STARTED TO LIGHT UP AS I WENT TO WORK WITH MY MADNESS.

"THERE WAS A BRIGHTNESS IN THEM, AND ALL THE WORRY AND ALL THE GUILT SEEMED TO FADE AWAY AS HE GAZED AT THE VISION I WAS MAKING FOR HIM..."

"I MEAN, I KNOW IT WAS WRONG, BUT WHY NOT GIVE A DYING MAN WHAT HE *WANTS*?"

WELL HE DIDN'T DESERVE IT, THAT'S WHAT I SAY

LOOK AT THAT SMILE HE LOOKS SO *SMUG* AND *SELF-SATISFIED*

I THINK HE JUST LOOKS VERY PEACEFUL

THAT AMBULANCE IS TAKING ITS TIME, ISN'T IT?

THE END

MILLIGAN · McKEEVER

EXTERMINATOR

™

4 ISSUE MINISERIES

VERTIGO

VERTIGO / DC COMICS

COMING IN AUGUST

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

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A glimmer of violet...
a whispered temptation...
a hint of compulsion...

...and she's gone.

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JILL THOMPSON
STAN WOCH
COVERS BY
DAVE MCKEAN

BLACK ORCHID

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You haven't seen ENIGMA yet?

Where have you been hiding?

Enigma

Milligan
Fegredo

Issue #6 out in July.
Don't be afraid.

8-ISSUE MINISERIES
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

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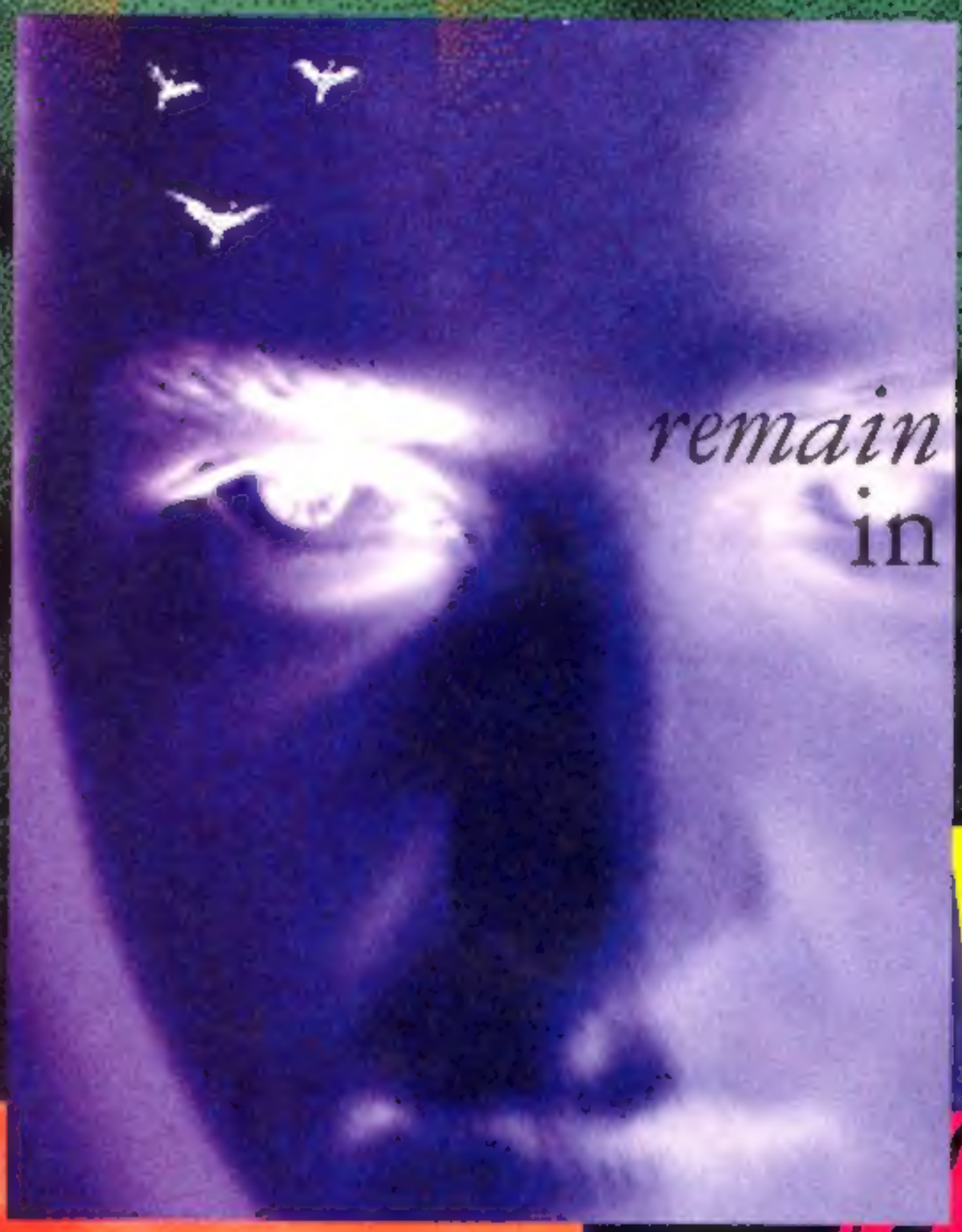
ideas
in motion



remain
in motion

VERTIGO

it *won't* stop.

Black Orchid The Extremist Sandman
Hellblazer Sandman Mystery Theatre
Kid Eternity Animal Man Shade, the Changing Man
Doom Patrol Swamp Thing
Jonah Hex: Two-Gun Mojo Enigma
Skin Graft: The Adventures of a Tattooed Man
The Last One Sandman: A Game of You

Suggested for Mature Readers.

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WHICH SCARES YOU MORE?

FACE BOTH EVERY MONTH. CONFRONT

VERTIGO

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STEVE RUDE

ON THE LEDGE

WITH STUART MOORE

Before I came to DC, I used to edit "real" books. (At least, that's what people here call them; personally, I've never seen what makes a book with no illustrations more "real" than a collection of comics work, but there you are.) I worked on many different kinds of books: science fiction, horror, mysteries, humor, books about TV shows and movies and rock music, and even the first complete translation of a classic work of 19th-century Russian travel writing—*The Frigate Pallada* by Ivan Goncharov.

Some of these were successful, some weren't; I think we sold about 800 copies of *The Frigate Pallada*. But it was exciting to work in such a variety of genres, and it was interesting to track which genres became popular and which ones faded out. In the mid- to late eighties, horror was the big thing, and everyone thought it would establish itself as a major category like science fiction. While that didn't quite happen in bookstores, a few writers managed to really make reputations for themselves in the field, and horror did become firmly entrenched in both movies and comics.

Comics publishers are usually more conservative when it comes to experimenting with genres. The vast majority of comics published feature super-heroes of one kind or another, on the (reasonable enough) theory that comic s fans tend to seek out more of what they already know. This has been true, more or less, for the past fifteen to twenty years.

Now, I like super-heroes; I'm editing a sort-of-super-hero title called SCARAB, which debuts in a couple of months. But one of the great things about VERTIGO, to me, is that we can experiment a little with genres, and provide a bridge between mainstream comics and the anything-goes world of small-circulation independent comics. While the roots of the VERTIGO line are in horror and super-hero comics, the nature of what we're doing—and the great reception we've received so far from the comics-buying public—allows us to play around a little with what you may be used to seeing in four colors between slick covers.

A case in point is JONAH HEX: TWO-GUN MOJO, a five-issue miniseries that debuts this month. It's a horror comic, yes—but it's a horror-western, two genres that fit amazingly well together at the hands of Joe R. Lansdale, master horror writer, and Timothy Truman and Sam Glanzman, who have brought Joe's scripts to terrifying life. I've certainly enjoyed working on the project; it has its own distinct voice, as much as SWAMP THING, HELLBLAZER, or any of the other upcoming projects currently cluttering up my desk.

Now, I'm not claiming JONAH HEX will change your life or revolutionize your idea of what the graphic story medium can do. But if you're looking for something a little different—and well-crafted—in your comics reading this month, I'd suggest you give it a try.

And if that doesn't fit the bill, write and let me know. I think I can get you a copy of *The Frigate Pallada* pretty cheap...

Stuart Moore, Editor

AVAILABLE JUNE '93

JONAH HEX: TWO-GUN MOJO #1 (OF 5)

He's back—Jonah Hex, the most hard-bitten, horribly scarred gunfighter of the Old West—and he's found big trouble in little Mud Creek, Texas, where corrupt townsfolk play fast and loose with the law, and dead zombie outlaws stalk the streets. By Joe R. Lansdale, Timothy Truman and Sam Glanzman.

VERTIGO JAM #1

In concert—our ongoing monthly titles band together for the ultimate gig. Featuring backstage passes to Dream's unearthly environs in a SANDMAN story by Neil Gaiman and Kevin Nowlan and a HELLBLAZER story by Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon. Plus more of your fave raves.

SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE #5

New story arc. Severing his victims at the neck, The Face turns the cultural mecca of New York City's Chinatown into a bloody battlezone of Tong warfare. Written by Matt Wagner with stylish artwork by John Watkiss (SANDMAN #39, Dark Horse's *Ring of Roses*).

SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN #38

Even more aberrations abound at Hotel Shade, especially when "writer" Miles Laiming begins his greatest endeavor—The Great American Novel—leaving Kathy and Lenny with much more to lose than their patience. By Peter Milligan, Chris Bachalo, Rick Bryant and Glyn Dillon.

KID ETERNITY #4

Kid E. hits the open road with a fever—only to crash head-on into a head-strong racial conflict. By Ann Nocenti and Sean Phillips.

HELLBLAZER #68

Soaking in alcohol and sorrow, a slovenly, homeless John Constantine finds little refuge in the streets and little time to sober up for the return of the King of the Vampires. By Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon.

SANDMAN #52

As the reality storm rages on, the isolated travellers beguile in Characan's tale. In the spirit of "The Three Musketeers," he engages in a daring duel and encounters the repulsive Psychopomp, unjust imprisonment, and the esteemed Dream King. By Neil Gaiman, John Watkiss, Bryan Talbot, and Mark Buckingham.

ENIGMA #6 (OF 8)

Decisively uncovering their connection, Michael finally comes face to face with The Enigma. Meanwhile, the mysterious creature ingeniously breaks out of her padded cell. By Peter Milligan and Duncan Fegredo.

ANIMAL MAN #62

Animal Man and his family burrow through the animal revolution wreckage on a quest for the origin of the violent outbursts. By Jamie Delano and Steve Pugh.

SWAMP THING #134

Swamp Thing and Abby reach a crossroads while Arcane returns to take control of the Sunderland Corporation and sets his deadly plans in motion. By Nancy A. Collins, Scot Eaton and Kim DeMulder.

THE LAST ONE #2 (OF 6)

As the world dissolves around him, Pat finds solace in Myrwann's past life when he shared a cratered stage with Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton. But as Myrwann absorbed Hollywood's decadent limelight, comedy became a costly survival technique. By J. M. DeMatteis and Dan Sweetman.

SKIN GRAFT: THE ADVENTURES OF A TATOOED MAN #2 (OF 4)

Fresh out of prison, Oakes becomes a renowned tattoo artist. But fresh out of luck, his clientele is skinned alive. By Jerry Prosser and Warren Pleece.

DOOM PATROL #69

Equipped with a strange power, The Identity Addict belches up the Visionary Stomach, The Unborn Peacock, The Compassionate Cop, The Better Mousetrap and more bizarre characters for The Doom Patrol to digest. By Rachel Pollack, Linda Medley and Graham Higgins.

VERTIGO events next month...

No kicking. No screaming. Pull your friends into the VERTIGO scene with exciting new projects and accessible entry points in most of our books. Lose your mind over an ethereal BLACK ORCHID retail poster painted by Jill Thompson and a haunting HELLBLAZER retail poster painted by Glenn Fabry.

BLACK ORCHID #1

She's part prankster and part demigoddess, with complete power over the human mind...and a violet target for violent criminals who maliciously covet her talent for thought control. A new ongoing monthly series continuing the character recreated in the Black Orchid miniseries. By Dick Foreman, Jill Thompson and Stan Woch.

THE EXTREMIST #1 (OF 4)

Set in San Francisco's seamy, steamy underground club scene, this uncompromising, four-issue erotic thriller explores human sexuality, sexual identity and the obsessive pushing of life to the limit. By Peter Milligan and Ted McKeever.

A GAME OF YOU TRADE PAPERBACK

Originally released in hardcover, this collection of THE SANDMAN #32–37 gracefully welds the elements of gender and social issues with the essence of reality and fantasy. Written by Neil Gaiman, with art by Shawn McManus and others.

HE'S KILLED FIVE HUNDRED MEN.
THEY ALWAYS STAYED DEAD BEFORE.

JONAH HEX

TWO-GUN MOJO

JOE R. LANSDALE

TIMOTHY TRUMAN

SAM GLANZMAN

5-ISSUE DELUXE FORMAT MINISERIES

VERTIGO

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